The COMMONWEAL

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The War

THE SURPRISE attack on Hawaii brought the United States into the war the way that gives the country the maximum possible political strength. No one in the country, no matter what committee or school of thought he has belonged to during recent debates, wants a condition which permits Pearl Harbor to be bombed. We are locked in a unity to beat off a naval and military threat which our enemies themselves have made a physical fact that no argument, theorizing or political viewpoint can remove from reality. Disastrous as the opening of the war may be to military and naval effectiveness at the disposal of the United States government, it is highly doubtful if Japan gained an advantage to compensate for the unity she gave this country in return. The United States is a colossus with a great and able population, an unrivaled organization of resources, the greatest productive capacity known to hsitory, a position too far removed from enemies to permit quick overrunning under any circumstances, and it cannot be knocked out by any brilliant and powerful and deceptive sudden attack.

The past is irreversible. Our political, naval, military, diplomatic past suffered the sharpest possible break when the planes came over Diamond Head. The past is not only irreversible, but in a certain way that is paradoxical—since men have freedom of choice in the present—and in a way hard to realize emotionally, the past was inevitable. When we review what was and what we did, it is indulgent and weakening to sentimentalize about what might have been; it is proper only to have remorse and penitence for our sins, resolve of amendment, and thus to prepare for a hard present and a better future.

Reviewing this magazine's comments over the past, it is evident that the editors of THE COMMONWEAL tried in that past to encourage an American policy that would keep this country out of the war. This magazine viewed with alarm the increasing integration of our national effort in the war abroad. Trying to see the proper ends of national policy and trying to judge the means at our disposal, we went on record against taking free actions that seemed steps toward the vortex into which almost all but the Americas had been swept. From the beginning we feared the East. Before Europe entered its general war, when Spain was still aflame, we wrote (February 3, 1939):

> Like Mussolini, Japanese leaders declare that sanctions mean war. Perhaps we shall see. Assuming a general war between what is now called the Berlin-Rome-Tokio-Burgos axis and its enemies, the first job the democracies would urge us to perform would be to ride herd on Latin America and (ironically) protect the Far Eastern empires of the democracies. The American public must not become so concentrated on Europe that we lose sight of ampler but looser drama of the East. The government does not do so. . . .

In August, 1939, the month before Hitler attacked Poland, a comment was published on Paul McNutt's statement that "isolation means at least trebling our present navy." If we were to take the firm policy of defending the Philippines, the editorial said, "probably no self-respecting naval man would hazard a guess at the size navy we might need." Then, just now, during these last hopeless conversations, three weeks ago, THE COMMONWEAL said that "a Pacific war is logical, but it is still absurd." And last week we reemphasized our ignorance: on what was safest for America's longer future, on what was best for all oriental people, on the outcome of Japanese conversations and of US national policy: "Japan backs down as far as we think she should back down; the present state of tension is allowed to drag on to another crisis; we go to war with Japan." Now Japan has decided what alternative was to end the past. Its history can be taken up again from the final exchanged notes with Japan when this war approaches settlement. Our ranks are joined now in reasserting for the future the freedom of American history from the assaults of enemies.

Wars, as the Greeks said, and as others up to modern revolutionaries say, have "progressive, positive" aspects, and negative and destructive. So great is the tragedy of this Second World War

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that it can easily overwhelm our historical judgment. Proclaimed by our Senate and Representatives on the Patronal Feast of our nation, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, our state of war carries the final Great Power into this catastrophe of the civilization which our parents knew. The violence to the spirit, the death and the destruction of men, institutions and resources that inflicts and impends over our people and the world makes every attempt at cooler analysis feel like an indignity, like an insult to the good that is to be blasted. But however closely caught we are in this human calamity, we are obligated as human beings to search out what is, and to find what is possible. We must put our energies into the creative currents of this wild time as much as possible, in order to survive and in order to have a livable world to survive in. We must try to distinguish between using the organized energies of the war to build a positive peace from merely dissipating those energies in destroying symptoms and symbols of the forces fighting against us. We must make a distinction between calling forth sacrifices for a common effort on one hand, and taking advantage of the war situation for personal or group advantage on the other.

Most of all, our human ignorance about the course of history, our inability to judge the happiness of strangers, our essential ignorance about what act and what condition are for the final benefit of other persons whose spirit and conscience we do not know, must enforce the human and Christian precept that man must regard the good or evil of his act and leave the resolution of his life and history to God alone. We do not know the ends that would evolve historically from our worldly judgment. Our social plans and political objectives must be relative. We are accountable for the means we use.

Now let our fight be for the possibility of the moral act, for our freedom to choose with the responsibility that is right for man, between good and evil. It is human to break the threat to our freedom which has been launched against us. But the freedom we seek cannot eliminate the evil choice. We cannot fight until wrong has left the world. The prospect of our material war can properly be limited by the knowledge that our forces cannot impose freedom on others, and armed power cannot compel anybody freely to decide what is good. Our spiritual warfare will last as long as mankind does, and it must be waged within ourselves.

Labor under the Wire

THE TIMING of the Japanese attack was also beneficial to this country in the sphere of labor relations. At the bottom of the same front pages which announced the storm over Hawaii appeared the notice that the mediators of the captive coal dispute had awarded the United Mine Workers a union shop in the coal mines of the steel companies. When John L. Lewis pledged his support to the government "to the day of its ultimate triumph over Japan and all other enemies," there could be few reservations in his mind or in the minds of any of the men in his union or in the associated CIO. During the week before, the railway workers and management had reached an agreement which removed the possibility of a strike—which strike, however, had never been greatly feared because of the long practice of the railroad men and managers in negotiation and compromise: the union situation in railways is mature.

What the war will do for the Smith Bill will be most important. That sweeping, anti-strike omnibus, passed by the House on December 3, has, we can hope, already been put so out of date that the Senate will not have to go to work on it. The Smith Bill embodies many legitimate complaints against the conduct of labor affairs. It proposes some reforms which friends of labor should long have been eager to see introduced into industrial relations. The provisions of the Bill to require publicity about finances, officers, membership, etc., appear altogether suitable for organizations wrapped in as great public interest as are the unions. The ban against communists, bundists, and criminals in union office has merit which more careful study and formulation could make useful indeed. A check-up in the custom of organizational and jurisdictional strikes is warranted, although the flat outlawing proposed by the Bill is too typical of the wild and uncritically sweeping nature of the proposed law in general. Likewise, checks on the methods of conducting strikes. The carelessness of the Bill and its dangerous latitudinarianism is epitomized by the "watch a house" provisions: "It shall be unlawful . . . to watch a house or place where a person resides. . . ."

The expected "Wilson" conference between labor and employers which the administration has called gives promise of bringing a healthier and freer *modus vivendi* for the duration. At this late date, the country ought certainly be aware of the dangers inherent in a war situation to the civil and economic rights of labor. The expected danger from this war is probably not that labor shall be oppressed in unreasonable fashion by "capital," but that both capital and labor may lose too much liberty to the central organizing government. The conference method may provide the opportunity for men and employers to cooperate in doing the necessary work on their own initiative, with an effectiveness and harmony which will thrust aside the war need and the natural tendency for the government managers to take over the power and direction of all.

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A Policy—Conclusion

IT IS not despite the fact that we are at war with Japan, it is because we are at war with Japan that I write once again about France. Last week I was appealing to an uncertain people: I was asking pacifists, isolationists, interventionists, and those who are listed in Gallup polls under the caption "do not know" to send food to France as an indication that the American people had not withdrawn from Europe, were not abandoning France and Europe to hopeless resigned unity under Hitler. It is evident that only those could understand my language who, irrevocably, had taken a stand of total opposition to the totalitarian powers. Only the determined can have no fear, keeping faith with the defeated, only the strong dare assume the burden of the defeated. Some, who were ready for any compromise, saw but a vaguely humanitarian gesture in a project based, instead, on immediate comradeship with a people defeated and abandoned, a project aimed at preserving, realistically and politically, a solidarity with that conquered people—and through the conquered French solidarity with all the conquered peoples of Europe in whose present oppression lies a cause and a purpose of this war. I proposed therefore, in order to avoid all misunderstanding, this maintained and intensified contact with France as a policy for our government—as a war policy for our government, as a deliberate policy to maintain a bridgehead on the continent of Europe.

We are at war. I do not withdraw my proposal that food be sent to France and I repeat my plea that we maintain diplomatic relations with France. All is changed now and all is clear. The proposal is made now to a united, determined nation. Nothing that any one of the citizens of our country may suggest, nothing that its leadership may accept, no action that the United States may decide upon and execute, can ever be interpreted, since the attack on Pearl Harbor, as weakness, compromise or appeasement. There is no danger now of our misunderstanding or being misunderstood, no danger of our failing to recognize the "nazi pattern," no danger of our not naming and facing our enemies, no danger of our isolating—save for practical purposes—the Japanese enemy from the nazi enemy, from the fascist enemy. There is no danger of our being led to localize or limit our effort. We know now, with that final knowledge which comes to an embattled country, our friends and our single, indivisible enemy.

There is no danger now—nor could this particular danger ever have existed—that the French people, receiving food and friendship from us, should be weakened in their desire for liberty and in the brave and secret search for it that they are presently carrying on—no danger that with the torment removed of seeing their children weaken and die they should hasten to collaborate with their conqueror. There is no danger that the Germans should see in the gifts we may send anything but recognition by us of their cruelty, of their impotence to organize Europe—the terrible threat of our enduring, obstinate friendship and love for the peoples they oppress. This is so true that it well may be that they will refuse to allow these gifts of milk and medicines to reach the French. The French people must know that we offer them.

De Gaulle acts in alliance with our determination to liberate the French. Nor he, nor any of us, fights to liberate deserted towns and empty homes. This is not a war of outline maps and imaginary countries. The French must be helped to live until the day of our success.

We have been attacked. We rise now to defend our country. Our immense powers are set in motion. But ours is not simply a war of defense: it is a war to liberate—and wherever possible meanwhile to preserve—the peoples of the world who are enduring precisely those conditions of subservience we refuse for ourselves. We are not simply one more nation, no matter how great a nation, which now has entered the war. Entering the war, we carry into the war all the faith and hope of which we are depository. We carry with us all that has been transferred to us, placed with us for safekeeping by the peoples of all the conquered countries. We have the mandate of all the oppressed and are delegated by all the silent. They think of us, they expect us, not as America the nation—many of them cannot read, cannot read a map, do not know the lines of longitude and latitude, do not know where we are or where we are fighting—but as America the embodiment of freedom. Our freedom, but theirs too. The freedom of the world. We enter this war with the silent support, at the silent prayer, of multitudes.

There is one gesture we can make commensurate with the dignity and moral certainty this support by suffering men throughout the world endows us with. A gesture which will break through all the habitual coercions, the customary, ageless timidities of war time protocol. A gesture of trust in others and confidence in ourselves in scale with the war, in scale with the grandeur of our purpose. We alone—because we are not alone but immediately surrounded by the hopes of the many—can make this gesture. It will ring throughout France, echo through Europe, appall the present masters of Europe. Under unconditional safe conduct invite the French Government to send units of the French Fleet flying the French flag to ferry back from New York the supplies our nation, fearless and clear minded, will provide for the imprisoned people of France.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Incarnation and Parousia

Christmas lessons in the Liturgy.

By **H. A. Reinhold**

IF WE WANT to understand the twin feasts of Christmas and Epiphany in their true liturgical meaning, we have to unlearn and to explore a great many commonly accepted things. We should be most willing to do so if we don't want our Liturgy to be just a beautiful relic or some ossified pomp without connection with twentieth-century life. The winter cycle of the Christian year is a very complex one and has become strange territory to the minds of most of us.

Of course we could sit down and say: "Well, if it has come to be thus, why not leave it as it is? Aren't you simply indulging in a time-honored fad of excavating ruins for a certain leisure class of intellectuals who are dissatisfied with the common fare of ordinary people? You should not encourage such tendencies of the proud and fastidious. The humble and poor will not follow you anyhow. All you will achieve will be the restlessness of a few more bright people with oversensitive tastes, dissatisfied with their home-made parish services. They will scatter discontent and upset our parish routine, and they will not be any happier themselves." In other words, let us keep up blissful ignorance and maintain the level of our present standards. My answer to these critics is: I am sorry, but I have to disturb you. The "truth will out," and deplorable symptoms show that the established way of celebrating Christmas does not prevent a rapid decay of the true Christmas spirit. I don't know what your remedies are. Mine is a proposal to follow the old idea of the Church to enlighten the people and to make them think differently and more correctly, so that then they may also act more correctly. So, here we go.

We said we have to unlearn a few things. That is necessary, and we shall see why. First of all, let us remember that the Church year has two cycles and not three, at least not in the Liturgy of our Missal and Breviary. These two can be most aptly described as the first or Paschal cycle, and the second or Advent cycle. Sounds a bit startling, doesn't it? But we shall see that the shock which toppled the accepted edifice of our notions about the liturgical year was a sort of slum clearance of our minds: a beautiful old building appears after the incongruous and somehow unsightly obstructions have fallen.

Next, let us, for the time being at least, forget our accepted notion that New Year's Day is anything more than a civic event. Liturgically it is certainly neither the end of anything except the octave of Christmas, nor the beginning of anything at all. Our New Year's Eve devotions are a concession to modern minds, but they have no bearing whatever on the liturgical development of the Church year. Now don't be a liturgical fanatic. Don't boycott them, because it would sadden your pastor and your friends. Just give them the right place in your mind, as important for your civic life, your parish, but irrelevant for the liturgical understanding of the Advent or second cycle of the Church year.

Worse than this, almost offensive to pious ears, as some people might call it, is my second appeal: forget also for the time being even the idea that the first Sunday in Advent was the beginning of something basically new. I assume that my readers have already cast out of their minds the idea that the four Sundays of Advent symbolize the "four thousand" years before Christ. That idea should have been forgotten long ago. In Milan they have six Advent Sundays, in the Eastern Church something entirely different. Even in our Roman Liturgy there have been periods of five and six Advent Sundays. This is only incidental, and because some old class books still carry this idea as if nothing had happened. Why say those things?—the people like it—because it is not the likes of the people which will serve the people. This idea of the "four thousand" years does not fit into a liturgical understanding, which is, after all, what we need now. The first Sunday in Advent is not a *caesura,* as if there were a deep gap between the last Sunday after Pentecost and the first Sunday of Advent.

The word Advent, *Adventus,* refers to the whole season which has its climax in the Feast of the Epiphany or Theophany. But does this not lessen the status of our beloved Christmas day? Well, if it does, don't accuse the writer. It is liturgical law that the rank of January 6 is higher than that of December 25, and this is not just stickling, for we shall see later that there is a profound reason for it, even if people nowadays ignore it. By the way: in Rome *Befana* has kept its old rank beside or above *Natale,* Christmas.

I suppose my readers are eager to know when

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this season of Advent begins in the liturgical books and when it ends, always remembering that this *Adventus* is a larger unit than what we nowadays call Advent.

If you are looking for something very abrupt, you will be disappointed. The Roman Liturgy is never abrupt, theatrical, bombastic, and if occasionally one gets such an impression, then something is wrong. Just as night and day flow gently into one another, and as the four seasons develop imperceptibly, the Liturgy is something live, growing and organic. There is never anything frantic, hasty, theatrical in the Liturgy. The Roman spirit is one of virile moderation and majesty. It was this Roman spirit which made the Liturgy. The Kingdom of God is like a mustard seed, like a leaven, and never like a thunderbolt or an earthquake. Who does not recall the sweetness of early spring, when there are still patches of snow on the ground, yet some of the trees are beginning to unfold the buds of their flowers and leaves? The color symphony of our American Indian summer comes tactfully and gradully, not with a bang.

In mid-September we have a group of holy days which suggest harvest; the ember days and the triumphal feast of the Holy Cross (September 14). Around these sacred harvest celebrations, when the leaves begin to turn, we also have the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Through its psalms and lessons and prayers there sounds a faint tinkle of Christmas bells, that grow more distinct as the Sundays advance. All Saints and All Souls again strike the note of harvest, but even more, they let us glimpse through the half-open gate into the eternal glory of heaven. That is one of the leading motifs of this great season.

Like the mighty brass mellowed by sweet violins of hope and consolation, the last Sunday after Pentecost and the first Sunday of Advent reveal the grandiose theme of the vision of Christ's return, his Parousia: the first, in its terror to Satan and stubborn sinners; the second, with the silver tinge of hope: "Lift up your heads, because the time of your salvation is nigh."

The orchestra of psalms and hymns, of lessons and prayers, never drops these themes: eternity, glory and parousia. The composer of this celestial symphony then adds two more instruments: the voice of John the Baptist, strong and austere, and of Our Lady, humble, virginal and pure. It is a constant crescendo from the faint *pianissimo* of the early fall towards the majestic, fulfilled sound of the parousia motif on Christmas and Epiphany, sounding in its last powerful accord on the second day of February, forty days after Christmas, the beautiful feast of Candlemas.

Here again the last notes of the Advent theme are blended with the first inkling of the new Paschal cycle which sends out its first messengers on Septuagesima Sunday. The arch of this season spans the interval from the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost to the last Sunday after Epiphany, from Holy Cross to Candlemas.

The grandiose sweep of this liturgical architecture of themes and motifs is visible only after its central theme and mood have been unearthed from medieval and later débris. It would explode the narrow limits of an informal article if we went on to describe the beautiful analogous structure of the Paschal cycle, out of which the Advent cycle flows as the more contemplative heavenward eternity-laden one.

"What men have done to Christmas!" one could exclaim, if he compared the present vision of this cycle, riveted on the foreground alone, with what he finds in the liturgical books. What have men done? They have taken only partial glimpses of this rich fullness, as if the majestic aspects were too overwhelming, until only disconnected isolated feasts were visible. When you look on a gigantic chain of snow-capped mountains you see how they belong to each other. The same chain submerged under a deep ocean, shows only disconnected small islands above the surface. You have to let the water recede, as after the great flood, to understand the whole structure.

The idyllic, emotional, affective attitude of the late middle ages created this flood of submerging forgetfulness and ignorance. Religion as a commodity of life, as an escape—Marx would say "a drug"—encouraged this attitude in the bourgeois age; we seem to want the nice little things which smooth the edges of life, not that dynamic, fiery power which purified the Roman Empire and burned out all the straw and wood from its edifice until nothing but the true gold remained, to become the temporal shell of Christ's Body, the Holy Roman Church. No wonder this view will at first appear as a frightening vision of eternal values, naked, challenging: *mysterium tremendum*.

Now, should we go and burn all our beautiful hand-carved cribs, our cozy Christmas trees, our sweet Christmas cards with warm, sweet babes in stables, ox and ass included? Are all our naïve shepherd songs to go, the three wise men, the woolly, white poetry of our Nordic winter solstice? Even if our forefathers, those stern men like Leo, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine and Damasus, those titanic poets, as Sedulius, Venantius and their companions, composed this wonderful drama, are we, the refined, gentle or bourgeois men and women of a dying era, made to stand their sober, grand architecture? We don't build basilicas with mosaics and romanesque minsters. Our churches have a drawing-room atmosphere, respectable, full of holy knick-knacks and comfortable things. So why should we live intellectually and spiritually on mountain tops of sublime spirituality?

The answer? "Qui bene distinguit, bene

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docet": of course nobody advocates throwing present practices into the ash can (or dust bin, if you happen to live in England). Who said so? I don't know if the present general attitude towards the Advent cycle is healthy and as thoroughly Catholic as it should be. A generation whose whole being does not clamor after final resurrection seems to have lost practical faith in it; its creed is at best a docile recitation. If that generation has no objections to our unjust world and does not cry continually in its soul, with tears of despair, after a better world in which justice is King—"Ecce advenit dominator Dominus" (Introit of Epiphany)—then there is some suspicion that its Christians don't hunger and thirst any more after justice but are a lot of smug bourgeois, whose life is a pretty picture of comfort, framed with the gilt-edge of a partial religion (for dark hours, and a sort of insurance for an uncertain hereafter). No wonder that communists and nazis (and capitalists) lost patience with us and staged their own Parousia, with heaven for the many elect and hell for the few "privileged" of old. People who like this world so well that they don't like to hear about the New Earth and Heaven, must have done something to their faith.

But we can keep all our modern, beloved Christmas trappings, as long as we see through them and as long as we know that there is a reality and a future behind those things of the past. When we celebrate Midnight Mass in Bethlehem "at the crib" as the Missal says, when we go as good pilgrims to the Mass "at dawn" in the Church of the *Anastasis* (Resurrection), and when we see the full glory of the Divine Child in the third Mass, we have already made a seven-league step from the crib idyll towards the full meaning of the Parousia. The first coming of the Word is the transparent stained glass through which shine the refracted rays of His final triumph. This seems complex and hard to explain. Who says it should be "explained"? Explaining kills it as much as theoretical analysis kills Schubert's unfinished symphony, or an X-ray kills a Cimabue madonna. Celebrate it, live it, plunge into its visions, words, tunes and pictures. The composite gives a simple and profound result in our souls, not a playful savoring of the past, a little comfort here, a small consolation there, and so much childlike reminiscing. It is the sound of the organ of eternity which involves us and carries us forward, and faith becomes a dynamic power, not soothing, but propelling us irresistibly in mighty supernatural rhythms. Certainly our crib and things have their place and nobody will take them away; but they have their place, and their place is the foreground, the emotional, historical, meditative side of our religious being. Still, while the world moves on in powerful strides and groans for redemption, let us not forget that not the Babe redeemed it, but the Babe grown Man, crucified, resurrected and sitting at the right hand of the Father, whence He will come to *judge* the living and the dead.

Thus, after the more gentle portals of Christmas are passed, and Nativity-Advent has raised us a step nearer to the Son of Man in His mysteries, we shall be able to understand the most majestic of all His feasts: Theophany, when His Godhead shines through His humanity and the Church sings: "Rise, be light, Jerusalem, for thy Light is come and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. . . ." "Upon a high throne I saw a *Man* sitting, whom the multitude of spirits adore, singing together: Behold Him, the name of whose *empire* is to *eternity*."

Black Hills Freighter

More reminiscences from the Dakotas.

By T. D. Lyons

THE APRIL snow-storm at Redstone effectually terminated the horse sale of the Belle Fourche Live Stock Company. The marvelous Dakota sunshine thawed the snow in two days, and wheat seeding and spring plowing became the order of the day. The Belle Fourche foreman arranged with John Windedahl to summer the mustangs left in his pasture at $1.00 per head, and departed with his crew and chuck-wagon for Butte County. Captain Jack Crawford left by stage for Sioux City, *en route* to Omaha, where he could catch the U. P. for Cheyenne. "Old Dakoty" told my father that his cousins—Zephier Brughier and Theophilus Rencontre, from Jefferson, below Elk Point, were taking a party of hunters up to the Sisseton Reservation and on their return would pick him up. My father at once invited him to be a guest at the Big Place—20 miles southwest of DeSmet.

The old plainsman immediately made himself

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comfortable in the machine-shop where tools, binders, mowers, plows, corn cultivators and other farm machinery were housed from the weather. There was a big wooden platform in the corner of the shed, and there Old Dakoty spread his blankets. An old Civil War musket hung on two nails in the corner, above the platform, and Mr. Pike L'Siou (Old Dakoty) at once busied himself with an examination of it. That night, around the soft-coal fire of the ranch kitchen, he told us that the hunting party which his cousins were taking from Elk Point to Lake Traverse, on the Sisseton Reservation, were ambitious of killing some wild geese, a feat which George Davidson, the boss of the Big Place, said was more easily planned than accomplished. George said that the whole school section which we rented for hay land was under water and that it was literally covered with thousands of grey geese, "Canada-honkers," brants, swans and cranes, resting on their way north to the Canadian breeding grounds. George said that these flocks were well equipped with sentinels and that the local hunters (who killed ducks by the hundreds) had not been able to bag a single one. Old Dakoty said that his cousins were famous shots and he believed they would be able to bring in some game. A discussion started as to the most delectable breakfast dish: the majority voted in favor of prairie-chicken, fried in corn-meal; ham and eggs and beefsteak had their supporters. Old Dakoty said he preferred liver, and told of a famous breakfast that he and Jack Crawford had with California Joe (Custer's famous scout) before the battle of the Washita. It turned out that the "liver" came from a buffalo calf. Someone asked, what became of California Joe, and Mr. L'Siou replied, "'76 was bad medicine for frontiersmen and scouts. Charlie Reynolds, Wild Bill Hickok, and California Joe all went to hunt the white buffalo that year. Charlie died in June at the Little Big Horn, Wild Bill died at Deadwood City in August, and California Joe went over the big divide in December, at Red Cloud, while acting as a Black Hills guide."

The next morning before 5:30, when the light was barely grey in the April dawn, there was a mighty shout from George Davidson which brought us all running to the water tank. There was Old Dakoty with two magnificent, fat wild geese which he had killed with the old Civil War musket. George said that his mouth watered for a taste of roast goose, and he hoped we would have one of them served up that night. We went back to our labors of getting our teams harnessed for a big day of wheat seeding, and had a great surprise when we came in to breakfast. The old frontiersman brought in a platter of his own cooking and it turned out to be fried breast of wild goose, and as a delicacy I must do Pike the justice to say that, in my judgment, Delmonico, even before prohibition, never equalled it. We had plenty of game during the rest of the visit of the famous scout.

In a few days, a covered wagon with six mules drove up, and this equipage turned out, of course, to be the hunting party, which consisted of Dakoty's cousins and two great friends of my father, Colonel John L. Jolley, the famous trial lawyer from Vermillion, and Judge Bartlett Tripp, of Yankton, who had just been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Dakota by President Cleveland. As George Davidson had predicted, these hunters had bagged nothing larger than mallard ducks, and their disappointment was great at the prospect of having to report failure on their return to Southern Dakota. When they heard of Mr. L'Siou's success, they at once accepted my father's invitation to stay over and have a try at wild goose hunting under his expert tutelage.

The hunt

That night, around the kitchen fire, Colonel Jolley told of the great degree of civilization attained by the Sissetons since they had been expelled from Minnesota on account of their part in Little Crow's war. Colonel Jolley said, "Their chief, Gabriel Renville, is half French, and speaks French fluently, as well as Sioux. They have a legislature with two houses, and make laws with much of the formality of congressional acts. They still maintain their friendship with the other Sioux Nations, which are considered to be savages. Indeed, it was on their reservation that the great Sioux council was held, in 1867, to discuss the intrusion of the whites into the Indian's 'Sacred Grounds'—the Black Hills. There were representatives from all the Nations and Bands of the Sioux—Tetons, Santees, Yanktonnais, Uncpapas, Brulés, Ogalallas, Minneconjous, Sans-Arcs and all the others. The Great Cheyenne orator, Running Antelope, was there, as was Red Dog, the Arapaho Chief. They passed a law providing the death penalty for any Indian who revealed to the whites the presence of 'gold' in the Black Hills. At that meeting, Sitting Bull was elected the supreme military commander of the armies of the Sioux, and their allies, the northern Cheyenne. Sitting Bull was a Chief of the Uncpapas; it was his supreme military command as general that he exercised at the Little Big Horn, in the fight with Custer, and at the Rosebud, in his fight with General Crook, the 'Grey Fox.'"

Judge Tripp said that Sitting Bull was a great statesman, and a remarkable orator, as well as a military leader. He expressed a desire to know how the Indians developed such eloquent orators. General Custer, who was a close friend of Lawrence Barrett, the actor, thought that Running Antelope had a finer voice than Edwin Booth.

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Custer said that the greatest speech he ever heard, and the most impressive, was that delivered by Running Antelope at Fort Abraham Lincoln in 1875, describing the miserable condition of his starving people. General Custer told Judge Tripp that, on his recommendation, the War Department decided to issue rations to the starving Indians, but that the Indian Agents through jealousy, induced General Grant (then president) to countermand the order. Colonel Jolley said that Red Cloud was a very famous statesman and orator, but that his favorite of all was the Brulé Sioux Chief, Spotted Tail. He described a conference of the Secretary of the Interior, in Washington, with a delegation of Sioux Chiefs, headed by Red Cloud and Spotted Tail. The Indian Commissioner had a head as bald as a billiard ball. (A bald-headed man is held in contempt by Indians; long hair such as was worn by Custer and Wild Bill Hickok was much admired as a standing defiance to enemies, to lift the scalp lock, if able.) The Commissioner disputed one of old Spot's statements, and claimed it was a criticism of the President. Spot replied, "The President has a good heart toward his Red brother, but he has many cheats about him, and some liars. I have always observed that, among liars, the bald-headed man is the biggest liar of all."

The next day, in the presence of President Grant, the Commissioner attempted to belittle Chief Spotted Tail. He abruptly asked him how he attained his rank of "chief"—whether it was hereditary, or came by the selection of the tribe. Spot replied that the rank was not hereditary. He said, "I was made Chief because of my great deeds in war." The Commissioner seized on this, and asked, "Oh, you became Chief by killing a lot of people, like a blood-thirsty murderer, did you?"

"Spotted Tail," said Colonel Jolley, "made a magnificently graceful gesture toward President Grant, paused for ten seconds without saying a word, and then answered gravely, 'Yes, sir, I gained my rank as Chief of the Brulés by killing in war, just as the Father here (President Grant) gained his chiefship.'" Colonel Jolley said that there was a flicker of a smile on Grant's stoic countenance, as he lit a cigar and terminated the Council meeting.

Judge Tripp told of the assassination of Spotted Tail by Crow Dog, the leader of a disgruntled faction. The United States Court, at Deadwood, sentenced Crow Dog to be hanged upon his conviction for murder, and the Dakota Territorial Supreme Court affirmed the judgment. However, the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case "Ex parte: In the Matter of Kangi-shun-ca, otherwise known as Crow Dog, Petitioner," 109 U. S. 556, held that the sentence and judgment were void, because the Court had no jurisdiction of the crime of murder of one Indian by another Indian. The Court said: "It is a case of life and death. It is a case where, against an express exception in the law itself, that law, by argument and inference only, is sought to be extended over aliens and strangers; over the members of the community, separated by race, by tradition, by the instincts of a free, though savage life, from the authority and power which seeks to impose upon them the restraints of an external and unknown code. . . . It tries them, not by their peers, nor by the customs of their people, nor the law of their land, but by superiors of a different race. . . ." The relatives of Crow Dog, under the Sioux custom, had paid commutation, in the form of ponies and of buffalo robes, to the relatives of Spotted Tail, and, under the Indian Law, had wiped out the blood-crime.

Colonel Jolley said that the matter of throwing open the Black Hills to gold prospectors brought all these troubles on the Indians and the whites, including the Custer Massacre. He said that there came near being an unofficial war among the whites over the question of "routes to the Black Hills." The short route was by steamboat, from Sioux City to Fort Pierre, and thence overland, by passenger-stage or ox-team freight, to Rapid, Custer City and Deadwood. The military, under orders from Washington, prevented the use of this route, to favor the U. P. route, from Chicago to Cheyenne, a distance hundreds of miles greater than the Sioux City-Pierre-Deadwood route. After an airing of this matter on the floor of Congress, the Pierre-Deadwood route was thrown open. Buffalo Bill used one of the Deadwood Stages from the Pierre Route in his famous "Wild West Show and Congress of Rough Riders and Ropers of the World."

More memories

The discussion roused memories in the minds of Zephier Brughier and Theophilus Rencontre. Between them, they pieced out the story of the great trip made from Fort Pierre to Deadwood, in the Spring of 1881, by John Daugherty, the famous freighter, and their cousin, Napoleon Jack Carondelet. John Daugherty had the contract for freighting from the Excelsior Mills Company, of Yankton. The Excelsior owned a fleet of steamboats and a great wholesale grocery house, as well as the mills. It transported millions of dollars' worth of goods from Yankton to Fort Pierre by the Missouri River route; transshipping them from Fort Pierre to Deadwood by Daugherty's one hundred ox-teams, of six oxen each. But, in the spring of '81, after the early thaw, the ordinary route became impassable; the stage coach was compelled to turn back, and no ox team could travel four miles over the slush and ice. The Black Hills country was isolated, and

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Deadwood merchants sent a distress call to the Excelsior for medicines, whiskey, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and kerosene. The company called on John Daugherty to solve the dilemma, and offered a bonus of $2,500 to get one light load through. Daugherty considered going north, along the Missouri to Mandan, west to the Little Missouri, and up the valley to the hills. This was known to the Indians as the "Thieves' Road," and it was over this route that California Joe took a party into the hills, in spite of the cavalry. It was soon evident to Daugherty that this plan was impracticable. He happened to run into Napoleon Jack, and received what amounted to an inspiration. Napoleon Jack had a small herd of tame buffalo, which he had lassooed as calves and tamed. His buffalo ox-team, led by his trick buffalo, Jule Seminole, named for the famous Cheyenne Scout, gave stunt performances at the Ice Palace at Minneapolis and the Corn Palace at Sioux City. Jack and Daugherty hitched the Buffalo team to an Indian travois, loaded on the groceries, followed a buffalo trail known to the Sioux and the French, floated the travois across the Big Cheyenne and broke the drouth at Deadwood.

Chief Justice Tripp applauded this story with glistening eyes, and said he was well acquainted with John Daugherty. Old Dakoty said that he knew Napoleon Jack, and knew both Jule Seminole, the Cheyenne Scout, and Jule Seminole, the trick buffalo ox. "But," he added, "if we are going to be out of bed at 4:00 o'clock to sneak up on the brants and Canada honkers, it's time for me to roll in my blanket."

The New Order

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

IT WOULD be dishonest if one did not confess to a little fright at the discovery of how very few people there are who have any notion what they even hope will be the outcome of this war. There are those on the Left who vaguely call out for a new order, but the more that one examines their proposals, the more it appears not so much that they are wrong-headed as that they are nebulous. One has an uneasy feeling that their philosophy is little more than that of the man who would try any drink once, and that, seeing that the world as it is is all wrong, they think that any change is worth trying in the hope that it may make things better. Then there are those who tell us that we must never repeat the mistake of 1918, and, when we have once again got Germany down, this time we must keep her down. These people may be right as far as truth is the whole truth. The vices of German chauvinists do not make up the whole sum of the world's wickedness.

People complain that our leaders do not tell us what we are fighting for. That is how the complaint is now being put, but, put thus, it is a little pathetic. It is not that we want the belligerent leaders to define their war-aims in order that we may see whether we find their aims worthy. We want them quite literally to tell us what we are fighting for because we do not know ourselves. The leaders hesitate and hedge and plead that they must confine themselves to generalization and platitude because no one can foresee the circumstances under which peace will be made, and it would therefore be madness for us to tie our hands prematurely. The plea is, as far as it goes, obviously intelligible. Yet the real difficulty is not that we do not know how many of our aims will prove attainable, but rather that we are so very uncertain what our aims are.

There is an urgent need for a diagnosis of the world's evil, which does not indeed deny the wickedness of Hitler, but at the same time is not quite so superficial as to ascribe all the world's troubles to his single wickedness. But there is a danger that Catholics may respond to this need with a diagnosis so sweeping as not to be immediately very helpful. We so easily reply to those who are at a loss for their diagnosis by saying that what is wrong with the world is that it has abandoned God and that all would be well if only it would turn to a sincere practice of the Christian religion. This is obviously true, and as obviously it is the duty of all Catholics to do whatever they are able to do to spread the Christian faith. Nevertheless there is a situation existing here and now to which it is a duty to offer whatever practical solution we are able. In a world that consisted not only of professing Christians but of persons who were living a truly Christian life, sufferings would doubtless be spiritually accepted and no one would be driven by them into revolt—not even by those of them that were caused by man's folly. But that is by no means so of the world as it is. Man can turn suffering to his spiritual profit, but the man of little or no faith will not in fact do so.

There are those who tell us that the great lesson of the war is that of the anachronism of the independent national state and the necessity of substituting for it some larger world unit. This seems to me a false diagnosis and one which, if too uncritically trusted, may well lead the world to another catastrophe and to final despair. I have no particular brief for the national state nor objection to the evolution of such a larger unit as may be found convenient. The only danger is that of thinking that the remedy for all ills is to be found here. In truth all sane and civilized men, at any rate since the coming of Christianity, have had a sense of the brotherhood of man, and the pretence that before the establishment of the League of

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Nations the statesmen of every nation cared solely for their selfish national interests and that cooperation between them for the common good was unknown is clearly a ridiculous one. The Concert of Europe in the nineteenth century was much more successful in preventing war than was the League of Nations in the twentieth. Men do not need to be told as a new gospel that their fellow creatures on the other side of a frontier share their humanity and that the preservation of civilization is of more importance than the establishment of the predominance of one particular country, that international politics can only be carried on in a certain atmosphere of give-and-take. Sane men know all this. The problem is to discover why and when it is that men are insane.

So as a matter of history it is patently insufficient to say that this war was the result of the disease of unbridled nationalism or—to be more particular—of the Treaty of Versailles. It is true that Hitler preached the gospel of the denunciation of Versailles, but it is also true that, so long as he had merely had Versailles to denounce, few in Germany paid much attention to his denunciations. He was laughed off as a joke. It was the suffering of the economic collapse at the end of the 1920's and the beginning of the 1930's which caused Germans to listen to him and in the end put him into power.

That is to say, the proposition may fairly be put thus. Sane men in every country know that peace is better than war and that compromise and conciliation must be employed in order that war may be avoided. But the secular man, with whom we have now to deal—a man who has forgotten all the great Christian lessons about the purgative value of suffering—merely reacts into despair before the insecurities of the economic system and surrenders himself and his sanity to the wild men. A world state without a solution of our economic problem would be no solution at all. It would merely mean that the desperate men would find their remedy in a world civil war and a bloody struggle to settle who should have the control of this world state. Indeed that is to a large extent what has happened already. We are told that modern communications have made the world a unity, whether it likes it or not. That is largely true, but the result of the truth has not been to give us peace but instead to convert what might otherwise have been a local national war into a world civil war—which is what to a very large extent this war has become.

Therefore, prescinding from the truly fundamental question of the conversion of the world to Christianity, the arch-need is a solution of the economic problem. By a solution of the economic problem I do not mean a system in which everybody lives in a lotus-eater's luxury. It is very doubtful indeed how close is the relationship between happiness and the standard of living, once one gets above the level of what Pope Leo calls "frugal comfort." And if, as may well be, it is found that we can only have a more stable life by being content to have a less complex life, that is, I fancy, a price which most people would be very willing to pay. How the fluctuations of the trade cycle can be eliminated is perhaps matter for another article. My argument here is merely that, when that problem is solved, other problems will fall into their proportionate place. Without its solution, any merely political rearrangement of international affairs is impotent to give us our solution.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT WAS, perhaps, merely an odd coincidence that the first name made public by our military authorities in Hawaii as they began to compile the list of the thousands of American victims of the Japanese surprise attack should have been "Christiansen." Maybe it was only another curious coincidence that on Sunday, as the Japanese attack—part and parcel of the nazi-fascist-Japanese assault on Christian civilization throughout the world—was under weigh, in Christendom's central sanctuary, Saint Peter's Church in Rome, Blessed Magdalen, Marchioness of Canossa, should have been placed upon the calendar of the Church in beatification. "Canossa" is a word famous in world history as the place where one of the many great kings and secular tyrants who have risen up against the Church of Christ throughout the Christian centuries, the Emperor Henry IV, submitted, briefly, to the spiritual authority, only later to renew his revolt. And it may have been only a third curious coincidence that the formal declaration of a state of warfare made by the Congress of the United States should have come on December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ, who under her title of Immaculate was solemnly named as patroness and protector of the nation of the United States by the Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States at the Sixth Provincial Council of the hierarchy of our country in 1846.

"Christiansen," however, is most apt as a name symbolizing not only the brave young American marine who was stricken down—murdered by the criminal raiders flying under the banner of the deified pagan Emperor of Japan, allied with the nazi and the fascist tyrants who mean to destroy Christian liberty and Christian manhood and Christian culture and law and order and brotherhood in God, and rule the world of all humanity under false gods of racial or state supremacy. And also it is true that the ever-present struggle between the Church and deified secular power, symbolized in the word Canossa, is the very crux of the present world crisis. And however the fact that war was declared on the feast day of our national

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patroness may be explained, either as a chance happening or as a providential symbol, it is certain that for many millions of American Catholics, and also for Americans generally—as they come to a deeper understanding of the place of the Church in human society—there will be great consolation, a source of hope and faith in the coincidence.

Long before the council in Baltimore of the Church leaders, in the very first days of the Republic, under Bishop Carroll, there had dawned for Catholic Christians in the vast new territories of the United States the perception of what America meant to the Church, as well as of what the Church should mean to the growing populations of the new world of the West. And under the guidance and instruction of successive generations of our bishops and priests, drawn from many races, the loyalty due to the nation, and the deep gratitude and thanksgiving of Christians for their Church and for themselves as free citizens, grew ever deeper and stronger. Even since the birth of the nations of Christendom it has been traditional for each national group to name a spiritual Patron, a Saint or an Angel of the heavenly kingdom, as intercessor for and protector of that group—Saint Denis for the French, Saint Michael for the Christian Germans, Saint George for the English, Saint Patrick for the Irish, and so on. No lesser Saint that the Saint above all saints, the Blessed Virgin herself, was chosen by the Americans. Surely, they did well.

It is up to the American Catholics of this generation to prove that they did well. Horrible as were the things that happened in Hawaii and the Philippine Islands in the beginning of the second week of Advent of this year, the nature of the horror itself was so decisive in exposing and proving the worse than barbaric, the perverted, nature of the treason against civilization that is the chief weapon of the totalitarian rebels against Christendom that it blew away as with a great wind of bitter truth all delusions and doubts from the minds and souls of the great mass of Americans. Now we know what we have long been trying so desperately not to recognize; now we know what we are up against. We are united in that knowledge. And, united, we must act upon it.

The Stage & Screen

Angel Street

THE ENGLISH penchant for understatement has sapped the life-blood from many a drama. But it has more than justified itself in two special fields: the detective novel and the closet melodrama. "Angel Street" is a class A example of the latter. A single set; a cast of five characters; never a raised voice; never a scream; no pistol shots; no sliding panels; no corpse in the window-seat. Instead, a patient, slow-mounting atmosphere of psychological suspicion and terror that is guaranteed to slide you nearer and nearer to the edge of your seat. Even the timeworn device of the detective-inspector's almost forgotten hat (a brown bowler, it goes without saying)

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reduces the entire audience to hysterical giggles. And when the gas lights dim, indicating that someone is prowling about upstairs, you almost wish you hadn't come.

It would be unfair to do more than indicate the plot. A Victorian husband conveys to his wife through the indirection of loving solicitude that he fears she is becoming the victim of hereditary insanity. The wife broods over her husband's nightly absences, and over the nightly footsteps in the locked rooms overhead. A retired detective drops in one evening, remembering that this is the house where fifteen years ago a brutal, unsolved murder took place for the sake of jewels whose hiding place the murderer was never able to discover. . . . Pathological overtones give an added dimension to the melodrama: the husband's sadistic domination of his wife through his transplanted suspicions; the wife's near-surrender to the forces of darkness; and the long-nurtured, consuming obsession that underscores the husband's unctuous gentlemanliness.

Patrick Hamilton's subtle text has met satisfying treatment of Shepard Traube's sensitive direction, Lemuel Ayers' brooding Pimlico drawing-room, and the three-dimensional performances of Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn (her Broadway début) and Leo G. Carroll, with a major assist from Elizabeth Eustis as the philandering chambermaid. *(At the Golden Theater.)*

Sunny River

IF YOU enjoy operettas, you will feel very much at home at "Sunny River." The little singer from the Café des Oléandres in New Orleans becomes a Grand Opera star, but loses her man in the bargain—naturally to his boss' daughter, who lives on the right side of the levee. But they manage to come together now and then for long enough to agree in the upper register on the merits of Winding Roads and Living Today, backed up by a swaggering chorus of Union Club blades and café hostesses gaudily costumed by Irene Sharoff and stunningly housed by Stewart Chaney. Sigmund Romberg's music is always singable if not always memorable; Oscar Hammerstein II's book holds no disturbing surprises; and Muriel Angelus and Bob Lawrence are worthy prototypes for Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy in the movie version that is sure to follow.

For a novelty, the two-hour triangle is finally resolved by the device of the hero's death, which you may or may not, according to your tastes, consider a happy ending. *(At the St. James Theater.)* DAVID BURNHAM.

On Your Toes

A FILM with ballet background turns up at the appropriate season, but unfortunately *"The Men in Her Life"* is not likely to inspire movie goers to rush to the box offices of current ballet groups. Not that Loretta Young lets us down in the lead. Her unusual beauty, aided by Charles LeMaire costumes and Lilly Dache hats, and the close-ups of her doing a few routines, for which she must have practiced as much as the ballerina whom she portrays, are particularly suitable to the theme. Also noteworthy are the men in her life and cast: Conrad Veidt, her strict teacher who later becomes her husband; John Shepperd, the young Englishman whom she loves but tragedy prevents her marrying; Otto Kruger, her faithful manager; Dean Jagger, the wealthy American, her second husband from whom she is separated when he insists she give up dancing. Then too there is the fine voice of Eugenie Leontovich to keep these people in line. But if ever a script was awkward and cliché-ridden, it is the script used by Producer-Director Gregory Ratoff in making this film. Based on Elinor Smith's novel "Ballerina," the screenplay packs as many hackneyed lines and corny situations as it can possibly squeeze into one success story. In a thoroughly unimaginative fashion, Ratoff portrays the old theme of hard work, cruelly exhausting practice, sacrifice, with the top finally reached and happiness reigning until the over-drilled machine demands some personal life. There are occasional glimpses of beauty in the dance sequences and a nostalgic quality in the backstage business of the 1860 background. But the unconvincing, sentimental story, designed principally for women, and the undeveloped characterizations continually demand comparison with the fine French film "Ballerina" of a few years ago. If it weren't for that successful picture, our present heroine's protest ("A ballerina is just a bundle of muscles with a smile") might convince us that a ballerina is not subject matter for films.

While female audiences are shedding gentle tears over the cruel fate of Ballerina Loretta Young, men can double up with laughter over the high jinks of a couple of new comedies. Mark Hellinger's production, *"Rise and Shine,"* a gay satire on college movies, knows how to laugh and what to laugh at in the usual Hollywood conception of college life. And laugh it does. Herman J. Mankiewicz's hilarious script, supposedly based on James Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times," has been directed by Allen Dwan with such spontaneity that one feels that the whole screwy movie is being made up as it goes along. Instead of any one person being starred, a large and good cast contribute to this inter-collegiate madness. Clayton College, run on the premise that what makes a college famous is its football team, has for its star player Jack Oakie, a big, dumb lug who needs a lot of sleep—and if a person can't get his sleep in college, where will he get it? Then there's Donald Meek, the professor of economics who is a magician on the side and takes eggs from behind people's ears. There's George Murphy dancing in his best style and being thoroughly likeable with his pleasant Irish grin and charming manner. For love interest, there's Linda Darnell who also leads the cheers—and cheering for a football hero named Bolenciecwz is no easy thing. Walter Brennan, a Civil War minded old gramp, practically steals the show from the youngsters when he dates Ruth Donnelly, whose dry sense of humor and delivery always steals scenes from everyone. The plot also drags in some racketeers (Milton Berle and Shelton Leonard) who bet on Clayton and against it and then try to keep Boley out of the game. Perhaps the whole picture is a little too long, but its musical numbers are done with a light touch and most of it is such ridiculous fun that one is never bored. The finale that shows how Notre Dame lost to Clayton and how Bolenciecwz made

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the longest run in history reaches a new high in cinema parody.

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello continue their slapstick shenanigans. This time, still very patriotic, they carry on up in the air in a little item called *"Keep'Em Flying."* Arthur Lubin, who directed the boys in their other pictures which are still breaking box office records, again guides them and their particular kind of burlesque into channels that are funniest. He has more plot to fumble around with, and it gets in the way occasionally when Dick Foran who loves Carol Bruce tries to help her brother Charles Lang. William Gargan is thrown in too to annoy Foran and to get caught on a fuselage in the last reel so that Foran can rescue him. They all sing songs and are really very palsy. But it's Abbott and Costello whom you go to see. Abbott feeds the lines and Costello devours them. Their technique is old and some of their puns smell, but the pair manage to keep audiences howling with glee. Whether they are "shills" at a carnival, grease-monkeys at Cal-Aero Academy, the founders of a woman haters' club, riding on a torpedo or flying high, they dish out the same slapstick and win friends and influence other comedians. Costello, whose fat innocent face is so cute that it's pathetic, is always a bit dilly; in this film he's doubly confused when he sees Martha Raye twice, but legitimately because she plays two rôles.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

No End of Books

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

(Continued)

DAYS like ours produce a mass of material which could be labeled "contemporary history." William J. Grace reviews two such. He finds *The English Are Like That* (by Philip Carr; Scribner; $2.75) "a typical English legend book" which "repeats all the clichés in terms of the intelligence of a wide Anglophile group. It's a well-done job—it brings that emotional gulp to the throat. Once again it appears that God cannot fail to admire the muddling through policy and bless a nation where Welsh and Norman French are still spoken in the days of Lord Beaverbrook." *This Is England Today* (by Allan Nevins; Scribner; $1.25) he thinks a trifle better. "Professor Nevins is a man of distinguished attainment and is academically top-flight. He is also—and this is important—a good reporter, though at times romantic." More British reportage comes from the pen of Margery Allingham: *The Oaken Heart* (Doubleday; $3.00) which Helen C. White finds to be a picture of the impact of the war on an English village not far from London which "will be quite reassuring and wholly credible. . . . This book is, from the very nature of its personal, informal character, a little loose in structure and texture and a little diffuse and a little repetitious, but in a very sound, unpretentious way it is a wise book, and in many a sudden turn a witty book." Ida Treat has written another impact book—*The Anchored Heart* (Harcourt; $2.50), this time of the impact of German invaders and policers on a Breton island. Claire Huchet Bishop: "What the 'woman who was the island' (and who, to Ida Treat, later became 'France') said expresses what Miss Treat believes to be an undying truth—Bretons will not forget. One senses that the author means it further than in the spirit of a sterile revenge. She means it in the sense of the mission of France. No matter the trials, the suffering and even the shame, France will be faithful. No matter what can be said or written, she has an 'anchored heart.' " . . . Hollywood is a far jump from such noble and tragic matter, but it is a part of our time. *A Lady Goes to Hollywood* (by Helen Partridge; Macmillan; $2.00) Philip T. Hartung finds shrewd if superficial. "While Mrs. Partridge skims over the entire surface without stopping to investigate what makes Sammy run, women readers will enjoy her chatter about super-de-luxe apartments, beauty parlors, schools, clothes and incidentals from Aimee Semple McPherson to the slang in *Variety*. Men who can wade through her palaver will be amused at the terse conclusions of this innocent abroad. And Hollywood for once will be pleased that it has not been maligned."

Fiction too, in its own way, is a part of life, with fully as wide a range as history, to which Aristotle considered it superior. A new novelist, Wallace McElroy Kelly, offers us *Days Are As Grass* (Knopf; $2.75) which

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Charles Duffy finds promising. The locale is Kentucky, late nineteenth century. "From one who can write a maiden novel as well as this is written, there is much to be expected. One hopes that 'Days Are As Grass' will prove to be a catharsis, and that Mr. Kelly's future work will dispel the gloom and the despair so intricately woven into his first book." . . . William J. Grace also deals with *Dawn Over India* (by Bankim Chandra Chatterji; Devin, $2.00). Its time is that of Warren Hastings; it sounds exotic but scarcely important. "The blurb on this book says that the tale is in a setting 'of mysticism and charm'—which suggests that Jehovah rides the whirlwind over teacups. The book actually has little relationship to reality and its mysticism is hollow." . . . T. O'Conor Sloane III is obliged to report unfavorably on John Masefield's *Conquer* (Macmillan; $2.00). "In prose that is pure and exact, with learning more implied than apparent, the poet has here turned out a short novel singularly lacking in vitality and emotion. . . . Its pages, for all their literary distinction, simplicity and historical balance, have not, sad to say, the throb of one paragraph out of the erring Gibbon." . . . And Stephen Baldanza likes *The Ocean* (by James Hanley; Morrow; $2.00). It is the picture of a shipwreck. "It does not pretend to be a monumental epic of the present war. Considered as a terse, meaningful footnote of an incident which will recur so long as man finds himself incompatible, it is excellent indeed."

A footnote on religion will complete this digest. *The C. S. S. S.* (by William Hayward; Jefferies and Manz; $3.00) is even an intimate footnote. It tells the story of that small band of high church Episcopalians who called themselves the Congregation of the Companions of the Holy Saviour. Seven of these men became Catholics in a body, and later priests. Dom Richard Flower, O.S.B., remarks: "The author of the book was himself one of the original Companions and is able therefore to adduce details and documentary evidence of first-hand value."

Books of Week

Pan Am Autobiography

Young Man of Caracas. T. R. Ybarra. Washburn. $3.00.

THE AUTHOR, T. R. Ybarra, a well traveled and cultured correspondent of American newspapers, noted particularly for his writings in *Colliers* and the New York *Times,* has not written here a story of Bolívar, nor a tract of the times on South America and the good neighbor policy. The book, instead, is a tolerant memoir of his youth and is good reading because of the individuality of his family. In Boston, where Ybarra's mother came of pilgrim stock, the family would be considered eccentric, and in almost any environment—even Venezuela, from whose Spanish families his father sprang, it would be notably colorful.

Ybarra notes particularly the tension, or dynamism, created in his family by its widely separated roots in New England and Spanish America. There is also apparent the not necessarily corresponding contest between the fact of his father's position as a General and politician in the unquiet public life of a Latin American country before the turn of the century (and before Gomez froze it into a firm dictatorship) with consequent quick shifts of fortune and residence, and, on the other hand, the traditional tendencies of his family with feudal roots, stable familial ideas and religious at least overtones. The Ybarras lived in several eras, several cultures, several separate environments all at once.

The picture of Caracas is limited. It is very personal and made up of memories which apparently have not been exercised over a long intervening period of disinterest. It is the very human things which are most appealing: the small child's adventures, the relatives and friends who were "characters," the child's eye view of an informal "militarism" which can hardly seem serious to our more nature age, the household pets, the splendid "Yessie," or Jessie Sullivan, the family's Cockney-Irish principal servant. About the more serious strands of Venezuelan culture, there is little said, although there is just enough hinted to raise unsatisfied interest or curiosity.

Although the theme of the mixture of or contest between the two cultures is spoken about repeatedly, it hardly at all enters directly into the book. It is genuinely amazing how completely T. R. Ybarra was a North American, so that it seems quite fortuitous that he should have lived with Spanish Americans—including a father. The child and the young man, at least as remembered now, were so utterly Massachusetts and so sharply outside the Latin culture, that no real trial between the cultures took place. This is most clearly observed in the position of religion and religious thought and life in the book. The Catholicism of his father and native city give the impression of not having penetrated at all into the boy and young man of mixed parentage.

It is a tribute to the relative operating force of North American life at the end of the nineteenth century how simply the young Ybarra took his position here instead of in Venezuela. The question of depth and breadth and permanency of the cultures does not arise. The author hardly wavered toward the land and people of his father. There was an influence, of course, which Mr. Ybarra feels more strongly and sees more clearly now that he is past sixty. He never became a Bostonian nor a Plymouth Rocker. He became a cosmopolitan member of Northern-Western-European-American culture. And now he has felt the pull of his childhood in Caracas and seen the color of it, the interest and much of the human warmth. It is a kind of reversion, or the normal influence, delayed in its pressure, but by no means as feeble as for the middle stretch of life it appeared to be. PHILIP BURNHAM.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

America's Housekeeping Book. Compiled by New York "Herald Tribune" Home Institute. Scribner. $2.50.

THIS excellent book, a companion volume to "America's Cook Book," is likely to stand up equally well with its veteran precursor under extensive use. The entire field of household practices, except that section dealt with in the cook book, has been covered. Up to date information from experts on every phase of home work has been brought together under one cover. The result is an attractive, easy-to-read book, the usefulness of which is helped by excellent subject indexing and a liberal use of clear and apt illustrations. A great deal of very helpful information has thus been made available to household managers even in their busiest moments. Even experienced housekeepers will find valuable suggestions on al-

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most every subject, while the young or inexperienced housewife will probably find it proving a paying investment, returning several times its cost by its introduction into the home of efficient and economical methods and by its help in solving many perplexing problems. Instructors in home economics in high schools and colleges will find this volume, like its companion, a useful source for valuable reference material.

Chapter VIII, on money management, deals with very practical advice about budgeting for a home. It adds some sound caution about installment buying. Chapter X deals in like manner with the problem of household employees, and very wisely gives, in the opening paragraphs, a view of the larger problem as it confronts the nation as a whole.

> The market for household employees is one of the biggest labor markets in the world, but it is unorganized, unstandardized and has the highest turnover that exists in any field today. A turnover as great as this is wasteful in any system of economy—wasteful for the employer, for the employee and for society as a whole. It can be blamed on four conditions—overwork, underpay, poor living conditions and social stigma. Unpleasant as it is, we must admit that all those conditions are directly or indirectly attributable to us as employes.

A brief study of the actual situation in the United States is given. With such a background for the very practical advices which follow, it ought to be possible for household employers to realize greater efficiency and better returns on their investments, at the same time that they realize greater happiness both for themselves and their employees.

The book is divided into three parts. The first, "Organization of the Home," includes the chapters dealing with matters ranging from hunting for a home to special storage problems. The second part, "Housekeeping Methods," includes twenty chapters or sections ranging all the way from dishwashing to moving. The third part deals with "Operation and Maintenance of the Home" and has nine chapters on such subjects as plumbing, heating and air conditioning, lighting and amateur repairing. The chapters on house selection and equipment are written within the range of annual income from about $1,800 to $4,000.

One could wish that such a book with its vast amount of valuable material, had included for the student at least a limited number of reading references. One also cannot but sense inexcusable neglect in that there is no mention whatever in Chapter VIII, which is on money management, or anywhere else, of the extraordinarily valuable service rendered by the Consumers' Cooperative movement and the Consumers' organization for research in its work in standardizing household equipment and supplies. The third and fourth paragraphs of acknowledgments may explain the reason; but, if so, the writer would like to point out that the Consumers' Cooperative movement, far from harming ligitimate private business, by keeping more money in circulation in every locality where it operates, aids all local business, as every thoughtful local banker very well understands. As for the question of thrift and economy in the home there is no better source of information than consumer research stands ready to offer.

Neverthless, the *Herald Tribune* Home Institute, in furnishing this wealth of material to homemakers at a very reasonable cost, has performed an undoubted service to the American home in a time when the family needs stressing as never before. LILA TEMPLIN.

Democracy or Anarchy? F. A. Hermens. Notre Dame. $4.00.

IT IS refreshing to read an attack upon proportional representation from one who is not a professional politician. In this country the party bosses and their friends have constituted the larger part of the attacking force. Here at last is a scholar, Professor Hermens of the University of Notre Dame, a man of broad experience, undoubted ability and scholarly attainment, presenting a formidable indictment of a reform long cherished by many of our leading students of politics. Whether one be an enthusiastic protagonist of proportional representation or not, he will have to admit that Professor Hermens has written the most effective attack on the system that has come from the press in many years. This work of over four hundred pages, with an introduction by Professor Friedrich of Harvard, contains a careful analysis of proportional representation in general as contrasted with the majority system, and followed by a detailed consideration of the operation of proportional representation in Germany, Italy, Belgium, Ireland, Holland, the Scandinavian countries and America. Aside from the main theme, the book contains much excellent material on recent European politics.

Although Professor Hermens has been in this country but a relatively short time, his knowledge of the operation of American institutions is not inconsiderable. Yet those portions of his book dealing with American politics and the operation of proportional representation in our cities is the least convincing part of the whole. The behind-the-scenes operation of American politics under the majority system has not eluded Professor Hermens's grasp altogether, but the spirit of ward politics is still his to catch. Nor will Americans, knowing their legislators and city councilmen as they do, quite understand the eulogies which Professor Hermens hands out so generously to these products of the majority system. Justified or not, the American voter very often feels that his choice between two candidates running for legislative office offers him little more than an opportunity to choose between two of a kind, generally the wrong kind. This point of view of the average American is undoubtedly exaggerated, but it has resulted in an apathy among American voters that is responsible for a stay-at-home electorate running very often over fifty percent in our elections.

If, however, one feels inclined to pessimism over the functioning of American politics, he may read as an antidote the section of Professor Hermens's book beginning on page fifty-one. One could not in the brief space allotted to a book review quote this idealistic passage at length, but here is a small part of it: "If the voters want a change in politics, they know to whom they can address their demands. Moreover when the party committee is re-elected it will be comparatively easy for the voter to reach the place where the election is held, to register his vote. . . . It can be assumed that a committee whose members are in such close contact with a great many electors know the voters' wishes and are willing to comply with them. If this is not the case, the votes have an easy way of rectifying matters. They may stay at home, may vote for the candidate of another party, or may put a candidate of their own in the field." It is just as easy as all that! One can only hope that but a portion of this popular control

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over party committees is within our reach. In addition, the American voter will rub his eyes and pinch himself when he reads: "No college graduate is going to be given a seat because he has a college degree; nor will anyone be excluded because he is a college graduate. . . . College graduates will succeed—great numbers of them." For one hardened from long acquaintance with municipal politics in America this reads more like a prophecy than a statement of existing practice.

From among other points which point to Professor Hermens's inadequate understanding of American political practice, let us select his description of proportional representation campaigns in American cities. According to Professor Hermens, the opponents of proportional representation are always at a distinct disadvantage when the question of the continuance or discontinuance of the proportional system is before the voters. The disadvantageous position is due to the fact, says the author, that outside sources such as the National Municipal League are able to provide funds and speakers for the proponents of proportional representation. Anyone who knows the National Municipal League knows that while it may supply speakers—more likely *a* speaker—it can afford no funds to match the supply generously given by the leading political organizations to fight proportional representation proposals. No tears need be shed because of any supposed poverty of the opponents of P.R.

Despite the weakness of the book from the point of view of an understanding of American politics, Professor Hermens has a good thesis and a good defense of that thesis. For the most part he has done his work thoroughly and with undoubted care. It is a work which the friends of P.R. cannot ignore; it is a powerful challenge.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

CRITICISM

The Viking Book of Poetry. Edited by Richard Aldington. Viking. $3.50.

IT IS not an easy nor a pleasant thing to say of a book containing such little known fine things as Skelton's "Speak, Parrot," Smart's "Song to David," Lord Brook's "Chorus," Day's "Parliament of Bees," Blake's "The Cities send to one another" and Melville's tremendous "Found a family, build a state" that—from a strict standpoint—the "Viking Book of Poetry" is a major disappointment. The editor has planned a "general, popular and esthetic" compilation but only on the second count has the book been a success.

The hazards, of course, attending such a work are many: not everything Mr. Aldington wishes to use (including a great deal more of Herman Melville) could be added; and deserts of such necessary verse (since the anthology aims to be popular) as "The Raven," Gray's "Elegy" and "Thanatopsis" had to be included. In short, much of the banality is not to be laid entirely to Mr. Aldington's door. Ninety-nine out of every 100 anthologies published contain "Stone walls do not a prison make," "Gather ye rosebuds" and "Go, lovely rose." It is only unfortunate that this anthology to supersede anthologies feels compelled to include them.—This again may not be Mr. Aldington's fault. The book involves a large financial investment (several thousand in permission fees alone, as the publishers were quick to point out), and though some of the verse is remarkable, disturbing (in short, poetry), the publishers are hardly to be blamed for hoping for a "return."

Assuming that much of the book is a concession on Aldington's part—for Aldington is, after all, a practicing poet—it is difficult to understand various imperceptions: the presence of such lifeless poems as "Harplaus' Complaint" and such tasteless ones as one by Millay and the lyric by Eric Dobbs; the almost complete absence of religious, intellectual and satiric verse; so much of Spenser and Swinburne and so little of Marvell, Clare, Herbert, Dunbar and Emily Dickinson; the plethora of H. D. and Amy Lowell and the slight of Wallace Stevens; the total absence of such poets as Lindsay, Winters, Gregory and Fearing. With every anthology every reader raises his own questions but these, nonetheless, are not easy ones to answer. Any more than that an immeasurable wealth of anonymous verse, both of the past and present, is completely ignored.

As a labor, the "Viking Book" represents a singular and impressive job, and it is reluctantly that one quarrels. With all its flaws the reader is grateful for it. Meanwhile, one must disappointedly return to such small "personal" collections as those by Yeats and C. Day Lewis, "The Faber Book of Modern Verse"—and hope.

As a volume, the "Viking Book" is well planned, indexed and arranged, and, despite its bulk, easy to hold and read. The foreword by Aldington makes some good points, even though not always sustained in the selections, and the bibliography is admirable. TOM BOGGS.

Etruscan Sculpture. Oxford: Phaidon. $3.50.
Dégas. Hyperion. $4.00.
Goya. Hyperion. $4.00.
Waldo Peirce. Hyperion-Harper. $3.50.
Vlaminck. Hyperion-Harper. $3.50.

IS IT merely a matter of economics? Or of comparative skill? Or a combination of both? In any case, American publishers are still far from matching, at anywhere near the same price, the low-cost art monographs imported from France, Austria and Germany before the war, and yet today from England, whose Oxford Press sends us this month a notable addition to its Phaidon editions in "Etruscan Sculpture."

It is difficult to find any fault with the latter. The sculptures are superbly lighted and photographed—most of them specially for this volume; many from several angles or in detail. The reproduction is likewise excellent, never sacrificing detail and clarity for dramatic effect. The selection is astute and comprehensive; the individual works are fully documented as to date, dimensions, identification, provenance and present location. Ludwig Goldscheider's brief introduction ably traces the historical bakground as well as the salient characteristics of this vital expressionist art that preceded Rome's; technical notes and an inclusive bibliography are printed separately and in smaller type, to read or ignore as one wishes. All in all, a handsome and useful addition to anyone's library.

To compare the American-made Hyperion Press monographs with this Oxford volume is perhaps unfair, inasmuch as the latter contains no color reproductions, whereas the former contain as many as sixteen. Place, then, the Hyperion Dégas beside its earlier (out-of-print) European edition which appeared in 1937. Most noticeably, half the black-and-white reproductions are missing; while those retained show an exaggeration of contrast that blurs tonality and reduces detail. All of the color reproductions are retained, but in nearly every case an excess of yellow and orange distorts and fades the key.

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This is still more noticeable in the other volumes. The current exhibition of Vlaminck and Waldo Peirce at the Wildenstein Gallery in New York affords an opportunity to compare on the spot many of the original canvases with their reproductions. Peirce's flesh-tones acquire a rubicund flush; a pervasive jaundice flattens and vulgarizes Vlaminck's storm-promising landscapes. Goya suffers worst of all: the highly-glazed reproductions give his painting a wholly uncharacteric shallow slickness.

The editors have had the wisdom to retain Camille Mauclair's excellent essay upon Dégas, and the selections from Dégas' letters and critics. José Gudiol's text for the Goya volume is disconcertingly illiterate; surely an editor could be found to translate Señor Gudiol's remarks into decent English. Appropriately—Waldo's myth being inseparable from his oeuvre—Margit Varga's essay on Peirce is an informal appreciation rather than a serious critical study, giving us a warm, intimate domestic picture of this red-bearded giant playboy-artist; one might wish, however, for a better representation of his early works (the Zuloaga, Matisse and Goya periods which preceded his present Renoir period). The same is true of the Vlaminck volume. Where is Vlaminck the Fauve? Where are the experiments in form—the Cézanne landscapes? Instead, the oils in his current sweeping manner are supplemented only by a series of fourth-rate woodcuts and uninspired drawings. None of the paintings is dated, and only a few dimensions are supplied. The Peirce volume gives several dates but no dimensions; and the color plates are all from a single collection (the Midtown Galleries).

Even allowing for technical difficulties, one is forced to deplore the slightness and ephemerality of these new monographs in contrast to the imported volumes of the same series.

As a parenthesis, the first deluxe presentation of the Hyperion Press of New York is a ten dollar volume of designs by Marcel Vertes, "the famous Harper's Bazaar illustrator . . . presenting a satirical tableau of the glamorous women of today." DAVID BURNHAM.

HISTORY

Indian-Fighting Army. Fairfax Downey. Scribner. $3.50.

IN JULY, 1876, Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) telegraphed Captain Jack Crawford "Have you heard of the death of our brave Custer?" The poet-scout replied in verse:

Did I hear the news from Custer?
Well, I reckon I did, old pard;
It came like a streak of lightnin',
And you bet it hit me hard.
I ain't no hand to blubber,
And the briny ain't run for years;
But chalk me down for a lubber,
If I didn't shed regular tears:
That the fearless reckless hero
So loved by the whole frontier
Had died on the field of battle
In this our centennial year.

In March, 1861, when Dakota Territory was organized by Act of Congress it comprised 350,000 square miles, and extended from Nebraska to the British Dominions, and from Minnesota and the Big Sioux on the east to the sources of the Missouri and the Yellowstone on the west. Forts Fetterman, Phil Kearney and Laramie were all within its borders, as was the Little Bighorn region, though that had become part of Montana Territory by 1876. Mr. Downey's excellent book is a novel and interesting recital of all the big Indian fights, Fetterman Massacre, Wagon-Box Corral Fight, Little Bighorn, Wounded Knee, Slim Buttes and many others. The 6-page bibliography at the end of the book discloses that the author has made an exhaustive research and has examined most of the authorities.

Despite my admiration for this book, a sense of deep conviction compels me to dissent from the author's conclusions *re* the management of the capture of the great Sioux statesman and military genius, Sitting Bull. Mr. Downey apparently accepts unquestioningly the Indian Bureau version, and fails to glimpse the tragedy of the murder of an unarmed captive by men of his own race commissioned as Indian policemen by the United States government.

"Through much fear we falsified the trust of a fallen foe and exile." General Miles, not four weeks before the tragedy, said that Sitting Bull was the greatest of American Indians—greater even than Tecumseh or Osceola. Sitting Bull's armies out-witted Crook and Gibbon; they ambushed and destroyed Custer and five troops of cavalry. The fight at the Little Bighorn was no massacre, any more than Hannibal's snare at Cannae was a massacre. Any sense of satisfied revenge over the death of Sitting Bull seems to me to have an ignoble side, especially when it is remembered that the Indian commander had to protect and subsist his civilian population within the army lines. The Chief was a great friend of Buffalo Bill's, who was originally commissioned to bring him in; and it was the opinion of the Dakota frontiersmen that had this plan been carried out there would have been no violence or bloodshed. Colonel Cody came from Chicago to Fort Yates for this purpose only to find that his authority had been revoked either by Indian Bureau machinations, or through army jealousy. Old-timers in Dakota, like my father, Bishop Marty and many others, gave public expression to their indignation and anger over the botch which President Harrison's administration made in arresting Sitting Bull. They predicted that more blood would flow, and in a few days there followed the tragedy at the Wounded Knee.

Mr. Downey quotes Grant's and Sheridan's adverse criticisms of Custer's operations on the Rosebud (Little Bighorn). I beg to subjoin another authority, of whom Marse Robert E. Lee says "he (Little Mac) was by all odds the ablest Federal commander who opposed me." Custer had served as a mere boy on General McClellan's staff during the peninsula campaign, and after Custer's death the general commented "In the battle of the Rosebud (Little Bighorn) against the Sioux, Custer simply repeated the tactics that he had so often successfully used against large bodies of Indians; and it is probable that he was deceived as to the strength and fighting capacity of his opponents. . . . Those who accused him of *reckless rashness* would perhaps have been the first to accuse him of *timidity* if he had *not* attacked, and thus allowed the enemy to escape unhurt. He died as he had lived, a gallant soldier, and his whole career was such as to force me to believe that he had good reasons for acting as he did."

The illustrations in this book are superb—being taken from drawings by Frederic Remington, paintings by Charles Schreyvogel, and others. At page 92 appears a reproduction of Schreyvogel's masterpiece entitled "Custer

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Demands the Cheyennes' Girl Prisoners." It is a glorious portrayal of Custer's stern, noble, military mien, and the impassive countenances of the great Cheyenne chiefs. (Teddy said the Cheyennes were the best irregular cavalry in the world.) This picture recalls another great occasion when a military conference was held on horseback between an army comander of a civilized state and a barbarian king. See *De Bello Gallico,* Liber I, where Caesar describes the conference with Ariovistus. It is my guess that neither of those mighty men gave the spectators a more vivid meaning of the "front of Mars himself" than did General George A. Custer, "the pride of the whole frontier," whom the painter's inspiration so beautifully depicts for us. T. D. LYONS.

Tar Heels: A Portrait of North Carolina. Jonathan Daniels. Dodd. $3.00.

IT HAS been frequently remarked that American letters have completed a circle. Rich with local flavor in its origins, it went sophisticate in the twenties and sought inspiration in cosmopolitan centers where literary craftsmen, congregated in Bohemias, looked with scorn on the hinterland. Lately the pendulum has swung back. First came the romantic novelists using regional history as background for their plots; then the realists with sectional sociology as their theme; then the descriptions of American rivers, WPA guidebooks and renewed interest in the rural scene. Now we have the attempt at portraits of the "Sovereign States," this volume being the second venture sponsored by this publisher.

It is, perhaps, a worthy project. The whole tendency of our history has been to obscure the state lines by the development of economic and political centralization. But to the despair of social scientists, the old boundaries have remained fixed in popular consciousness and the advantages of one's local state continue to be warmly debated wherever Americans gather. Such healthy sentiment needs the stimulation of such a series, and North Carolina is certainly worthy of national attention. With its fast growing birthrate, it is part of the resevoir of American population. It has assumed leadership in the New South, having changed more radically than any other state in the old Confederacy. It is undergoing rapid industrialization, and its new aristocracy has amassed huge fortunes in tobacco and textiles. Part of this surplus has been siphoned off in spectacular philanthropy, that has attracted national interest. And more substantial praise has been won by the worthy state university at Chapel Hill.

The publishers were fortunate in their selection of the author for the volume on the "Long State." Mr. Daniels is a native with strong home ties, and he has traveled widely enough to give him perspective. He has shown his capacity for this type of writing in his previous volumes. He is a first rate reporter, and while a loyal native son who can become lyrical on occasion, he is not blind to the social cancers which fester in its body. He notes that the Cape Fear River "starts with the old pirates at its mouth and runs all the way up to the new pirates in the Piedmont." He observes that tobacco made the "state" rich but most of the people who grow it poor. He laments the prodigious wasting of the land, and confirms the position of the editors of this review on the defects of cash crop agriculture. Readers of Mr. Streator's excellent articles will not be surprised to learn that white competition for small service jobs previously held by Negroes goes on in Raleigh as well as New York. There is certainly ample material to temper any lyricism.

Despite these acute observations, I can see little value in this "portrait." To those who like to thumb through a Sears Roebuck catalogue, these random jottings may give satisfaction. But the volume remains a *pot-pourri* of impressions and reactions that scratches the surface of many questions without dealing adequately with any. There is an irritating tendency to accept the partial solution and to be content with the expedient. And it is strange to find a volume dedicated to "North Carolina's high birth rate" approve the state-financed birth control clinics and quote the scarcely veiled slur on the Church as the "one particular organization in the United States of a totalitarian character" which opposes solving social problems by contraception. JOSEPH N. MOODY.

The Origin of the Jesuits. James Brodrick, S. J. Longmans. $3.00.

ALTHOUGH a great many books have been written about the Jesuits in English, the language does not contain a really first rate history of them. No one has even been found to do for the English, Irish and American sons of Ignatius what Astrain and Tacci-Venturi have done for their Spanish and Italian brothers. For years students have been hoping for a full-length general history of the Society that would be critical, well balanced, based on the original sources and written in a style worthy of the theme. Father Brodrick has fulfilled these hopes and it must be said at once that no future writer is likely to improve on the matter and form of his book. It is a model of historical writing, and readers will quickly be convinced of the providential character of the delay that reserved this task for him.

This volume is the first instalment of a monumental work and carries the story down to the death of Ignatius in 1556. His early life, his conversion, and all the extraordinary things that lie between Manresa and the bull of Paul III and thence to his death are described with a clarity and ease that conceal the immense learning and labor this book required. The figure of Ignatius has often been obscured by his biographers but here he is brought out into the light in a masterly study. The man who wrote the "Spiritual Exercises" when a layman, who founded the Jesuits, and who handled the giants of the early days of the Society as if they were children is not an easy man to get a picture of. We can learn something of his stature from the affection and veneration he inspired in men like Xavier and Canisius. His generalate was the most important period of his active life, for it was then that the Society took final form, that its Constitutions were written, and that he stamped it indelibly with his own image. The external expansion in those few years was astonishing and interest in the almost legendary exploits of Xavier should not distract attention from the great campaigns then being won in Europe.

Father Brodrick is already well known for his biographies of Canisius and Bellarmine and for that masterpiece of controversy, "The Economic Morals of the Jesuits." In the field of learning he has inherited the mantle of Father Thurston and has adorned it with his own distinguished literary gifts. We must hope that if anything interferes with the completion of this great work he will publish separate studies of two important episodes: the career of Father Robert Parsons and the suppression of the Society. FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Winter in Vermont. Charles Edward Crane. Knopf. $3.50.
Vermont Is Where You Find It. Keith Jennison. Harcourt. $2.50.

THE SPATE of books about the little state of Vermont shows no sign of diminishing, and these are two of the best that have come with the flood. Mr. Crane, who is well known for his recent "Let Me Show You Vermont," has made out a beautifully documented and illustrated case for those rugged souls who maintain that you don't really know Vermont until you have spent a winter there. He has succeeded admirably in what he set out to do: "Winter is what you make it. So many people are making more of it than they ever did before, that I have been persuaded to make a book of it, a book exclusively devoted to it—to winter as a whole, and not to any of its parts." And that is what he has done in this richly rewarding book, which takes you through a Vermont winter from the first snow flurry to the sugaring-off party in the maple bush in spring. Even to one who has lived many winters in this north country, Mr. Crane has some surprises to offer, and his book is highly recommended as collateral reading to those whose notions of Vermont in winter are gathered from a weekend snowtrain.

Mr. Jennison's collection of pictures and the stories which loosely hold them together is an entirely different dish, though just as full of flavor. A Vermonter himself, exiled in New York, he has recalled the salty sayings of his native state, "the speech and idiom of a tough-minded, high-hearted people." One hundred-odd excellent pictures of the state and its people are grouped in twenty-six sequences, each of which is a short story told in a few pithy words. The technique is new, though it owes something to the other picture-and-text books of recent years, and with it Mr. Jennison has succeeded in cutting into the heart of Vermont from many different angles. The book will delight anyone who has ever felt Vermont's charm, and also enlighten him. It is a beautiful book, and deserves the high praise Carl Sandburg has given it.

MASON WADE.

WAR

Within Sound of These Waves. William H. Chickering. Harcourt. $3.00.
Paradise Limited. Thomas Blake Clark. Modern Age. $2.75.

THE SUBTITLES of these two volumes, "The Story of Old Hawaii" and "An Informal History of the Fabulous Hawaiians," respectively, indicate at once the subjects of and the differences between the books. Chickering's "Within Sound of These Waves" is a well-integrated, straightaway history, both the legendary and the authentic, of the lovable and colorful Islanders through the reign of Liholiho (Kamehameha II) who died in London in 1824. Here you will find the most comprehensive account yet published of the tragic death of Captain Cook, as well as an excellent recounting of the vital reign of Kamehameha I, the Napoleon of the Pacific, a man so remarkable he seems to give credence even to the legends that merged into and dominated his life and times. Three fine drawings by John Kelly illustrate the volume. Clark's chatty "Paradise Limited" is essentially what its subtitle says it is, an informal history. A gay and readable book, it is more a reporting, sometimes a Winchelling, of the more modern periods of Hawaiian life than it is a history. Its Epilogue, The Saga of Gump, the Beach Boy, carries one on a surf-board right into Hawaiian life today. The two books complement each other neatly, since Clark begins just about where Chickering leaves off. Contrary to one's fears, neither is written in that ecstatic or tip-toe school of writing associated with South Seas literature, and both can be recommended as contributing to an understanding of the background of the fabulous islands that have become so important to Uncle Sam.

JAMES L. DUFF.

BRIEFERS

Weeds Are More Fun. Pricilla Hovey Wright and Anne Cleveland. Hale, Cushman. $1.50.

MRS. WRIGHT'S brief text and Anne Cleveland's numerous cartoons constitute a clever and agreeable antidote to the legion of lush gardening books which are, so this book shows, such a sinister influence in American cultural and home life. Still, people who like flowers will like it best.

A Lot of Insects. Frank E. Lutz. Putnam. $3.00.

THE AUTHOR is the mature and expert Curator of Insects at the American Museum of Natural History and author of the "Field Book of Insects." The information in this book is of course, as sound as possible. And the descriptions of the insect visitors to his suburban lot are highly entertaining as well as informational. It is sure to attract readers to an enriching branch of science and nature lore, which, without such an introduction, might mistakenly appear of unlikely attraction.

From Lorca's Theatre. Five Plays by Federico Garcia Lorca. Translated by Richard O'Connell and James Graham. Scribner. $2.50.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA'S martyrdom in the Spanish Civil War spread to our shores belated recognition of perhaps the first poet of modern Spain. His plays—now, with one exception, for the first time available in English translation—fuse peasant realism with a lyric symbolism stemming from the unconscious: "Things inside are more alive than those outside exposed to air or death." Readers impatient of the pedestrian naturalism of the American theater will find a welcome tonic in the fecund play of Lorca's fresh and tender imagination.

Saint John Bosco. F. A. Forbes. Salesian Press.

A SIMPLE POPULAR life of Don Bosco, apostle of boys. If you missed reading Ghéon's study, you ought to meet Don Bosco now. Has a few anecdotes about the Italian saint that were missed by Ghéon. At times the book is very moving.

The Fort. Storm Jameson. Macmillan. $1.75.

ENGLISH, French and German soldiers together in a ruined farm house in invaded France discuss the war, war in general, national characteristics, life. Expert evocation of a dramatic scene by one of England's most popular current writers.

The American Catholic Who's Who (1942-43). *Walter Romig.*

TENTH ANNIVERSARY issue of a standard compendium brought up to date by the addition of 600 new biographies. It also includes European authors known here for their books or lectures. The total is around 5,000 names.

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As the Christmas card season reached its height, sales of Commonweal Christmas cards passed the 56,000 mark. At the same time, stocks of all sixteen designs have been kept up so that current orders will receive prompt attention.

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12/19/41

The Inner Forum

THE CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE of "Crusade Castle," Linwood Station, Cincinnati, Ohio, is now distributing "China through Catholic Eyes," published by the Catholic Truth Society of Hong Kong ($1.50). The author is Thomas F. Ryan, S.J., line drawings are by Wong Wing Kit, and there is a preface by Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

A large part of this attractive little volume is a tribute to the Chinese people, their history, their devotion to scholarship and the arts, their courage, their will to establish a modern China worthy of their noble traditions. The book treats briefly of Confucius, Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek.

The first Catholic mission definitely established was that of the Italian Franciscan, John of Montecorvino, late in the thirteenth century, later named Archbishop of Cambaluc (Peking). Apparently none of his successors sent out from the West reached their posts. The 30,000 Chinese Christians scattered and died during the disorders under the early Ming emperors and the conquests of Tamerlane. Saint Francis Xavier died within a few miles of the Chinese mainland in 1552, but thirty years later Father Matteo Ricci, S.J., reached Shiuhing, capital of Kwantung-Kwangsi.

Father Ricci became so proficient in Chinese and such a student of Chinese culture that scholars and statesmen from Nanking and Peking began asking him about the West. "It was then that he produced the clocks, astronomical instruments and musical instruments which he had brought and showed them also his magnificently bound Bibles and his religious paintings. He displayed also a map which he had made of the world showing China's position in relation to other lands." He is said to have converted 2,500 in twenty-eight years, and the Emperor decreed a state funeral for him.

Jesuit missionaries were entrusted by the Emperor with the reform of the Chinese calendar and for two centuries Catholic missionaries held the post of president of the Board of Astronomy. By 1700, Chinese Catholics numbered 300,000, a figure that remained constant for a century and a half. In the past hundred years, since the Treaty of Nanking opened the doors of China to the outside world, the number has grown ten-fold.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is now attached to a parish church in Yakima, Wash.

T. D. LYONS was formerly a judge in Oklahoma and here continues his Dakota reminiscences.

Christopher HOLLIS is an Englishman, author of many books and a director of the firm of Burns, Oates and Washburne.

David BURNHAM makes his first appearance as THE COMMONWEAL'S drama critic, but by no means his first appearance in these columns. He has long reviewed books for us and is the author of several novels as well as many short stories. His last book was a detective story, "Last Act in Bermuda."

Lila TEMPLIN is the wife of the director of the School of Living, Suffern, N. Y.

Jerome G. KERWIN is on the faculty of the University of Chicago.

Tom BOGGS is himself an anthologist and a poet. Twenty-four of his poems make their first appearance in a newly-published volume, "New Poets" (James Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill.)

Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is at present serving as a navy chaplain.

Rev. FLORENCE D. COHALAN is teaching at Cathedral College, New York.

Mason WADE has just finished his life of Parkman.

James L. DUFF is a California poet.

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